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VOL 1- ISSUE 2

# MOTHER OF VOICES

25¢

# aftermath LETTERS & COMMENT

A DEFENSE OF A SOUL

Issue number one has gone. What have we done? Better--what do I say that we've done? In a way I feel that I should not be writing about it. But I've finished an argument with an old man who said I should not destroy what we have until I can replace it with something better. The man was my father with whom I never talk; we argue, he for caution, and I against his fear. I asked him what it was that we had. He said that we have a dream. I said no, we have stomachs and the tolerance of flexible steel; because we are able to withstand the pressure of absurdity, we forget that man does not have to be like a rubber ball. He said that I wanted an Utopia. I told him that I was not an idealist. He said that I was not an idealist. He said that I didn't understand the politician's power, that they could break me whenever they desired to. And he had said succinctly what it was that we Americans have. But he had said it and did not see the irony of his rhetoric, the enormity which if we are to begin physically constructing a liveable culture--we must destroy.

He placed me in the emotional box of my desires. I responded with words, and concepts and by my tone. I countered with statement, enraged and not meant to be anything but intimidating. But then what am I to say to a man who can't be anything other than what he is, yet who is what I must describe as broken, driven Everyman, fallen into the economic melee which he sees as the mechanism of his salvation, but which is the schackle imprisoning him in the deadest, most debilitating gloom. He denied me, not only my ideas, and my desires and my actions; he denied the validity of me. He had no choice, I suppose: I have become his doppleganger, his conscience.

If anything, the newspaper has become, for me, the touchstone of myself. To me, the newspaper has become a vehicle for vehement and unrestrained expression of myself. Yes, there is that element in writing, that private therapeutic element: the communication of self, expressing the personal synthesis of the particles of experience, damning what damns you as an individual, unintegratable consciousness.

I can use my consciousness as a tape measure to stretch around the girth of reality. My sensibility is coupled to language and takes on the world. I stop the prismatic distorters, smash stereotype and convention, discard what is metaphysical and semantic, return to the indelible smell, touch, taste, rush of my mind in the whole muck of the real. I see, I sense, I know; I test my sense of experience, select what is violently undeniable, and lay it out before me, under your eyes, by analogy opening the process to the infinite you, and asking then for you to join me, scoring the dark automational life with the tracers and fireworks of your sensibilities. (Am I, American Fathers, a political radical when I don;t create more than an emotional ideology?)

"Convention": from "convent", as in unreal collection of humans subordinated to non-human concepts of life. To express in a way that "men" express is not to do what individuals historied individually do when they yearn and utter their yearnings. We have lied, feeling it was safer to do so, and said that objectivity was realizable.

Nothing human is objective. We knew this and therefore built machines. They are objective; computers are objective; but they do not deal with human experiences. They deal only with problems which counter human possibility; they eliminate problems in the physical environment--but they do not describe human experiences. No man, then, can describe human experience in the way of the computer: inches are not the distance between 8 o'clock and 8:01, the interim of the death of a man.

---continued on p.4

Dear Mother,
Some notes:
Read it through--now who is the ultimate paranoid? It sounds a lot like the mothers and aunties, to me.

There must be things--beautiful things--to write except persecution by N.C.C., by police, by feds and in Washington. How about Love?

Name dropping is a social disease--can you assume all of Amherst to be 'in with the in crowd'? and why do you expect them to care. The focal point of anything permanent is universality.

*Amy Fraade*

Dear Mother,
Consider, if you will, the plight of the straight man. Unwittingly he serves the food for naught, without which our heads should surely perish. His disdain of dope is rooted in the mire of egocenticity and fertilized by the maniacal mental feces of absolute certainty. For him, the world is as he perceives it: There are no levels of reality, but rather merely distortions of perception. The basic ethic here is that to purposefully distort is to evade, and he who evades is guilty of premeditated breech of the legislated laws of science. To him, the bumptious bearer of the banner of banality, these thoughts are dedicated:

*"What I see I know must be*
*or else there's only me."*
*Oh, but here lies the fallacy.*
*Nothing is not real*
*Dimensions are there because*
*they work*
*Enter not into n-space, for all*
*n greater than 3*
*Redoes your mind, blind though*
*you are of all n*
*greater than you.*
*And there is only me, you see*
*Baying at the loon I need to*
*crystalize my head*
*On the floor, and in the street,*
*and while I lie in bed*
*Under all and over all my mind*
*begins to creep*
*Through new sights by all rights*
*So I lay me down far too deep*
*Malingering in this world and*
*those*
*Always wanting to return*
*Concerned with what I yearn to*
*burn, while*
*Keeping my place in N-space*

Malignantly yours,
F. F. F.

The Devil and Dr. Mark Nonsinger

(Being a capsule description of the Devil's visit to the Student Union last month.)

I
O! cried he, the Associate Master
of
Students, what's this I spy,
Come to insult me
Personally.

II
(It's not a bird, not a plane...
It's a "Mother.")

III
You have, he said, my permission
To hawk your wares
At my lobby counter.

IV
Out, out with thy gross writings.
Upon my authority
(A personal decision, really)
Remove yourself, remove yourself,
remove. . .

V
"Touche!" screamed Dr. Nonsinger
After the Devil had gone.
(But had He?)

A.C.S.

Dear Mother,
REVOLT! AGITATE! CONFRONT THE WARMONGERS!!! All right, I will. What's wrong is, that people get hung up over things that are obvious. Of course the Flower Children and the Third World Revolution will win out in the end. We're winning already, because we're right and almost everyone knows it. Why worry about details? What matters is what will happen when we take over. Will we pass laws? Will there be prisons? Churches? Wars? Of course. Our children will have to dump on us. They will kick us out and start all over agin. Truths can't be institutionalized. Frameworks distort. Revolutions stagnate. The new generation always rebels against the old. When they get their way, they get tired. Now it's THEIR power to hold on to. They have it made. Everyone fall falls asleep. "THE TYGERS OF WRATH ARE WISER THAN THE HORSES OF INSTRUCTION."

John M. Gowdy
Hadley, Mass.

For Mother:

it was written
it was read
it was forbidden

the legacy of trught
the fear of reality
to be read behind a
Door

Cloister reality
it disturbs
it's distasteful
Read
between the lines
and you're in the same place

Read this and wonder
How far away are You?

Come to reality
It only hurts for awhile
Then it tears, cajoles, teases

Then you're in it
You're here
No longer a name
but now a person

Are you here
where you should be
As you are
Or
Are you now
Where you are
As you pretend to be

You want to change
to become what you
should be
But you won't
You can't stand
alone

Alone? But how
alone when you
feel you're right

But how right when
you feel torn

Can you play
Can you pretend
Can you stand
Alone and Be?

Beth Mahoney

Dear Mother,
Not to diminish the quality of your paper, (that which you print upon) but would you kindly inform me as to where I could get a better print of the woodcut that appeared on the last page of your provacative newspaper, issue one.

Sincerely,
your bastard son,
Bruce and J

*Anyone interested in obtaining a copy of Judy Landis' woodcut may write to Mother at Box 305 in Northampton. We will forward your request to the artist*

Dear Mother,
I was very impressed by the first issue of your publication. However, I wish you could let me know the frequency and number of issues contained in a one-year subscription for $3.50.
Also, it has been rumored in the Collegian , that you might have to, at some time, be forced to cease publication. Under such circumstances, would I be guaranteed a reimbursement?
Thank you very much for an exciting journal.

Yours in best wishes,
Steven Bloom

*A subscription to the Mother of Voices for $3.50 guarantees that you will receive 21 issues , hopefully every two weeks during the months of September through May, and once a month during the Summer months. While we do not anticipate going out of the publishing business, if we were, then you would receive a* pro rata *refund.*

Growing Down
*One purple light hill*
*Crest white*
*to be mine*
*to swing a leaf*
*Over songs.*
*Pour ricedrop petaled*
*free*
*close to my yellowness.*
*I'm nine years old.*

*Hazwsmoke fills the pools*
*Pretty red*
*of the flood*
*of fire shot hot'*
*Into warmth.*
*Clean your gun - but*
*why*
*did you kill my doll*
*Silent soldier?*
*I'm ninety years old.*

Author Unknown

LETTERS CONT. P.3

THE MOTHER OF VOICES
P.O. BOX 305 ► NORTHAMPTON MASS ► TEL. 584-6526 ► INCLUDE SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE WITH MANUSCRIPTS TO GUARANTEE RETURN

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It was a Tim Buckley concert at the Catacombs in Boston. He shuffled in a glide on stage. Beside him, lit in red and blue, sat Carter C.C. Collins, an immaculate monolith in black, toying with the congas in fron of him. Lee Underwood on Tim's right, looked enervated as he tuned his Fender. After the concert they hurriedly answered a few questions:

Q. What are you trying to accomplish in your music?
T.B. Nothing really. We're just trying to do our thing, you know.
L.U. Just trying to come on stage.
Danny Fields (manager). Yeah, it's pure sex. You think Tim's as sexy as Jim Morrison?
Q. What do you think about music today--the whole scene?
T.B. Well, I'd like to see the Top 40 abolished. No, I don't mean that. I don't care about the top 40.
Q. Will your own musical style change sometime, maybe as popular tastes change?
T.B. Sure, I'll change sometime.
Q. What do you think about society as a whole, or maybe what Avatar has to say about things? Where are things going?
T.B. I don't know about society, you know?
Q. Well, they say the whole system has to be changed--
T.B. Change the system? Who the hell's gonna do that?
Q. I mean, maybe, end the war, and change the conditions that produce wars like it.
T.B. War's a kick man, you have to have war. Gotta have the economy moving.
Q. (I don't remember the question exactly. Maybe you can figure it out from the answer, which I do have.)
T.B. Nothing's important--but you have to make things important if you're human. Like, music's our thing.
Q. I realize this is a very personal question, but could you perhaps tell us if you have any sort of philosophy...?
*T.B. Philosophy? What's that? No, I don't have one.* It doesn't do you any good when you have to encounter real things. I mean, like, you have to go down to the grocery store and buy a loaf of bread--does your philosophy help you talk to or relate to the man behind the counter? I'm between three worlds--the business world (gestures to Danny), the music world, and the public. I have to be in contact with all three,see, so I can't have morals,standards. This way I can accept anybody.
D.F. So he points to me for the business world! No, but philosophy is a luxury for those who can enforce their philosophy,for age or wealth. I see what he means. You have to be free from encounters with others. To relate to people you have to be pragmatic.
Q. What do you think about the way music is going today?
T.B. You mean, different groups, or who, or what?

Q. Jefferson Airplane, for instance.
T.B. Well, they're about three groups. One track they're rock, then their psychedelic, whatever that means. Jefferson Airplane is schizophrenic.
Q. What sort of music has influenced you most?
T.B. Come on,man, that's not a question. I'm myself in style, and everything I've heard has influenced me to a certain extent. I've listened to some country, a lot of jazz, and classical music.
Q. Do you have a set series of songs, or do you change around?
T.B. No, we don't have any set songs. It depends on the mood.
Q. Whose mood--yours or the audience's?
T.B. Well, there's an interaction. I mean on stage you're the focus of the whole thing, but there's give and take. You feel the audience.
D.F. Yeah, last night some of the songs were too long.
T.B. The audience wasn't set for them, but they weren't too long, they felt good, they were right.

Q. (From an unidentified chick) How'd you like the ocean today, Timmy?
T.B. There aren't any waves. And you can't smell the salt. The Atlantic's just a lake. Today's the first time I ever saw the Atlantic...

---Chuck Volkman & E. Smith

Can I ask you a rather delicate question--what are you waiting for and why? Are you satisfied with your answer? Do you mind if I grin knowingly if you still believe that someday a hoary hand will emerge from a cloud and point to "where it's at?" Do you object to my telling you to get off your ass and wake up to yourself? Tough Shit! I'm not planning to lie to you, so I' have no reason to coax, wheedle, or otherwise get cute with you, like some people I know (are you listening, Lyndon? I hope so--because I believe in you too, even though you haven't done much to deserve it).

*If you* followed me this far, I would ask a favor of you. Stop freaking out, or boozing. or kidding people, or whatever happens to be your favorite way of insulating youself from the "ugly realities" which you feel sooner or later are going to swallow you up, and sit down and listen to an album Goodbye and Hello. Tim Buckley did it, and he's beautiful, but that's not the point--the point being that you're also beautiful, (don't cringe--admit it), and Tim is telling you why. If you pride yourself in facing reality, here's a reality for you--it's time to make a choice--are you going to spend the rest of your life paying lip service to the values that people have been laying on you since you were born, or are you going to start believing what you think? Say goodbye to one and hello to the other--because you can't have both!

---Christopher Ryan

## COMMENTS (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

FROM SIR, WITH LOVE

So, the Mother of Voices has spoken. Woopee!!!!!! The intellectual community of Northampton is going to try and lay the real TRUTH on us.

On me, a Umie grad, turned school teach, and you, my fellow pinkos, fellow travelers and dupes. I've been told this paper is really going to let us know where it's all at. No punches pulled. The facts, man, nothing but the facts. A N.Y. Daily News for the intellegensia.

Well, that's nice. It's nice to be a gadfly and piss people off.

But I don't get to do that much these days. I'm a "teacher." My kids are average kids in an average American community. They can't read too well and all they really want to do is to go to bed and find out. But I spend the day telling them about the Revolution, the Civil War or World War I or II and how bad guys are always running around trying to screw up the world. I'm paid to help them; step on them; discipline them; love them and show them a sense of purpose.

I'm playing with their futures. I'm supposed to make a difference in their lives...to light that spark and maybe, just maybe, nurture a JFK or Einstein.

And that brings up to WHERE IT'S REALLY AT. This newspaper, the press, books, movies, colleges, education --the whole bit. And the whole bit is teaching, progress, education--- a better world.

BULLSHIT.....YOU can't do it. A very wise and successful author once said "If you think you and your schemes are going to make a better world you're a fool, clear out to the rind." If you're well read you will recognize this--clods!

I'm not going to say much more. Cause my girl and I are going to drink a few beers and laugh and love.

But anyhow it all comes down to this. Have you been there? If it can be said of any of us that in our lives we have felt a zest for living, then we have been there. But for those that scream their damnation of life and those who hide from it the answer is NO, they haven't been there.

Think about that and memorize it for tomorrow's quiz. And how about Vietnam, drugs, crime, riots, inflation, the whole scene today--1967? Did our teachers bullshit us?

They didn't teach. They were nursemaids to our self-initiated learning. Because kids, students people, they dig the same stuff--sex, booze, broads, cars, sun and fun. If anyone breaks his hump putting out this rag he's wacky.

Unless, that is, unless the sound of his cry is heard by the Establishment money makers who rescue him from Mother of Voices and bring him around the country a la Norman Mailer, laying it on everybody how screwed up they are.

Ah, and that means moola for booze and broads and sun and fun.

And that's where it's all at. The one thing we all have in common. We'll sell our souls for a good piece of ass.

SIR

### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

We apologize for the slow mail delivery of Mother. Postal rules require 3rd class delivery which takes at least three days. As our subscription list grows, we can obtain a 2nd class permit. Bear with us. Or, SUBSCRIBE SUBSCRIBESUBSCRIBESUBSCRIBESUBSC

### NOTICE FOR EVERYONE

For a future in-depth feature article on drugs, Mother requests readers to forward information from any source about an anything bearing upon the drug scene.

We need clippings, copies of speeches by public officials, personal accounts of busts and/or pushing, trips, mafia involvement in psychedelics anywhere.

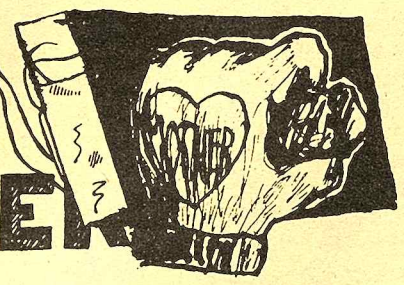
All contributions will be treated in strictest confidence and those submitting may do so anonymously.

Also Mother would like to know know the effects of increased police action in this area and information regarding prices, quality, and availability of drugs.

Please send any contributions to Box 305, Northampton.

(Well -written articles are welcome.)

# POLICE BLOTTER



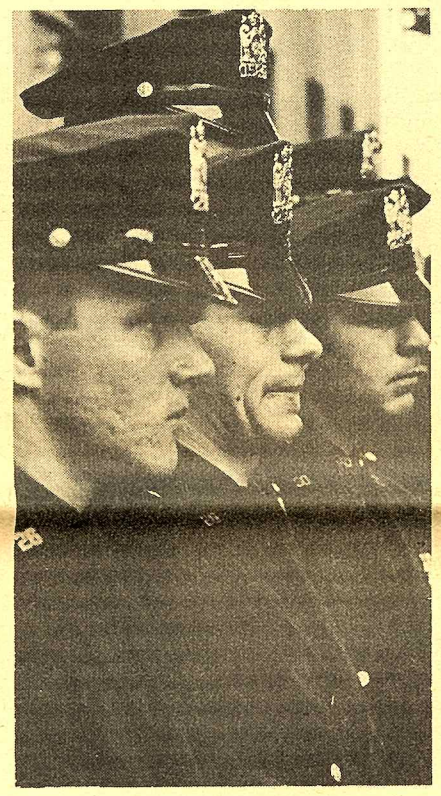
1

Once upon a time, the story goes, a man lived well. He worked, ate, was reverent, and he and his family prospered. He was at liberty to realize his dreams. He was the atomic embodiment of culture, integrated within systems he approved of, a small social compact unit of the benevolent whole. He did not obey laws: his life was a law, unconsciously part of the cultural scheme. Then the ideologies died: belief in systems disintegrated, individuals fractionated, strong federal governments arose: legislation replaced individual ethics. The policeman was the social institution replacing conscience, and man was no longer free: he could not be--no longer did anything operate within an individual to control his selfishness. Law then became a process cut off from the way man behaves. It set itself up to change the ways men behave, or to stop behavior if action would result in changes which would restore the decision making to the individual. Law became the arm of legislation: the object of legislation was to restore stability, to guarantee that the aristocracies would be the only social class which could live greedily.

This is then a story about law and what it has become. More centrally it is a story about a nineteen year old man named Jeordie who discovered that law is not meant to stabilize culture by protecting individual autonomy, but is meant to create a surface that denies that difference is the most essential human characteristic.

Jeordie comes from the town of Ware. He quit high school and enlisted in the Army. The Army sent him to Viet Nam for thirteen months. He served as the pilot of a river patrol boat. While a soldier, Jeordie got his high school diploma and took some correspondence courses for college credit. He was given an honorable discharge after serving 17 months because of a condition Jeordie has had since birth--asthma. Perhaps much about him is typical, his childhood, even quitting high school, and joining the Army: the following, too, is typical, symptomatic of law, the police, and the attitudes of sick men who control the culture.

On the 25th of May, 1967, Jeordie and three other young men were driving along the Lynnway, north of Boston, at three in the morning. In the back of the car was a suitcase alledged to contain $15,000 worth of morphine, pantopon, opium, methadrine, cocaine, LSD, syringes, needles, pep pills, codeine--a drug store in a suitcase. The suitcase lay on the floor in front of the rear seat. It was not Jeordie's suitcase.



One of the young men was sick. The car was headed to a friend's house in Lynn. They arrived, and one man got out and went to the door. As he did so, he saw several men crouching in the shrubbery in the front yard of the house. He walked back to the car, got in, told the driver, and the car carefully and slowly pulled away.

About a mile down the road an unmarked police car drew up beside them and signalled them to pull over. One of the plainclothesman approached and told the driver that he was driving the wrong way down a one-way street. The road was a four-lane highway: the car was on the extreme right of the roadway.

The cop showed his badge and asked for the driver's license and registration. The cop returned to the cruiser. 45 minute minutes passed: the cops were running a make on the names of the people in the car.

The cop returned and said that they could go--without a ticket--as soon as their Sergeant came and okayed it. He then took the sick man from the car, walked him away, and in the distance arrested him for drunkenness. With the second cop pinning his arms, the cop reached his hands into the sick man's

continued on page eleven

2

An interview with the police, the Amherst police. I call it this, my experience of being pulled out of a lecture of riding in a cop car, and of having two dialogues (interrogations) with two police"men" about a heist (grand larceny). A robbery took place at a shop where I'd worked until about two weeks before my interview with the police. I want to tell you about what happened to me so that you can know what the police game is, and how to avoid the pitfalls causing possible downfall.

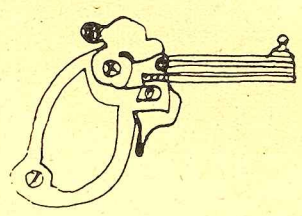
What they do is try to pressure you into saying what they want to hear. They call it a confession. I told them that I didn't do it and they kept saying that I did. They kept it up by alternately threatening me with how resisting would affect my future, and how my family 'd feel, how would it be to try to get a job, or to continue school if you got this on your record--the infamous Book of Life.

Then, they follow up with an easy way out. Return the goods and there would be no charges, no record, nothing.

I want to give you some insights into the game; so I will describe my experience with America's good guys.

First, they come in the middle of a class and they tell you that they want to talk to you and then let you go back for the rest of the class. They don't tell you why they want to talk to you so that while you're in class your fears can mount.

After the class they say let's take a ride: you go, I mean they're acting pretty friendly. They call you by your first name, etc. You're in the car and the first thing they say to you is, "Anything you say can be held against you in court." Then begins a barrage of questions: "Where were you on the night of --?"; "Do you have a car?" etc. You sit there



scratching your head, saying, "Why? Tell me why and then I may answer your questions."

You get to the Police Station and finally they say, "Grand Larceny." They keep pounding away with questions: "Where were you?" You sit there with tension mounting inside you. You ask what was stolen, from where it was stolen. You say then maybe you'll answer their questions.

Finally they tell you the details. You get through the bullshit of where you were. They counterpunch with the old line: "Think of your family, your friends, your future." They push close to you and repeat the bit about how it can be handled out of court if you return the goods. All the time they are implying that you are guilty and that they know it.

I got tired of their game. "You mean if I return the cameras at 12 o'clock midnight, *everything will be all right?*" *Boy*, did the cops smile. "Yes. Yes. That's right." Then I said, "Sorry, can't help you; don't have the cameras."

Well, they scowled. I must have broken the rules of the game. It looked as if the rubber hose would be next. But it wasn't. The next game was let-us-search-your-pad game.

This game is similar to the other. First they try to scare the shit out of you, and then make promises (no-record), e.g., "If we go to court to get a search warrant, it will mean a court record. You know what

--continued pg. 9

# A DEFENSE...

CONT. FROM P.2

There is no other way. How do I say it, how do I say anthing, how can I not damn? There is not only the Spring and Summer. The There is the Winter, there is death.

There is the Fall, there is decay. There is the Winter, there is death. Durrell began his Black Book and did not go on from there. He went into the black debacle of social hells. He encountered the indomnitable, and articulated love and the mystical as personal responses to the absurdity of social identity. I will not. I will not say that man as a cog must be brittle and break. I can't splinter myself into schizophrenia, seeking the delusive islands of euphoria so that hope is a function of faith or psychedelic stance.

What we do, the way we behave, the ends we are committed to as social creatures are essential if the infinite now is to become good. That is why I would say, let us swear together and see what it is to be obscene. Let us be linguistically obscene so that our actions will never be so.

Say "fuck" but do not tell lies to a man so that he is riddled by guilt. Say "shit" but do not throw swill into rivers and the ocean. Say "cunt" but do not kill. Say "asshole" but do not be a racist. Say "prick" but do not strike any man with a club or make napalm or bombs or bullets or guns. Say "X" but do not stay uninvolved when other men decide for you issues which inevitably must be decided in ways that authoritarians do not have the emotional structure to decide except in brutal ways. Say "Y" but do not beg moral questions.

What is obscene--certainly not words. Actions, responses, motives are obscene, and I am no bully, no jingoist, no death proselytizer. My F scale is embarrasingly low, so are my friends'. We do not proscribe for man codes of conduct, and thought, and dress, and language, and brutally and inhumanly punish all who do not conform. We talk and live hoping that out of acceptance of indifference confidence will be engendered in men and women, and fear of self will end and with it autocratic and arbitrary impulses of the "conventional,objective" man.

Writing is first a struggle with thought: language is incidental to that struggle. That is why repetition in writing is important, because it reflects the struggle for clarity as the motive for writing at all. That is why denial is essential and good writing polarizes the self among alternatives of action; or why in valid writing positions are taken, subjective commitment to stances arise. This is the process of this newspaper, or of my involvement with it.

I am forming a new epistomology . Into the Skinnerian box passes a single animal from which explosive statements about the universe are to be induced. Sometimes the fire of statement will smoulder and die: the light of stars exists sometimes without mass at the light source. Still when we see the starlight flicker, though eons ago the nova died, the beauty is fragrant, the glitter is startling.

For me, the Mother of Voices, and other presses like it, have as their end the creation of an ethic, historied, personal and universal. I see our energies directed toward a non-economic, non-metaphysical, non-collective-conscienced, concrete image of man. That is what I feel we desire, and is beginning to be accomplished.

To my father I say that this is not a dream: it is so real that it is the only thing I know: autonomy is concrete. We are atoms in a fog chamber, and only the fog is unreal.

---Bart Kaplan

~ Second-Hand Books

Old Book Store

32 Masonic Street

Northampton, Mass

Mon-Sat 10-5

# Be-In

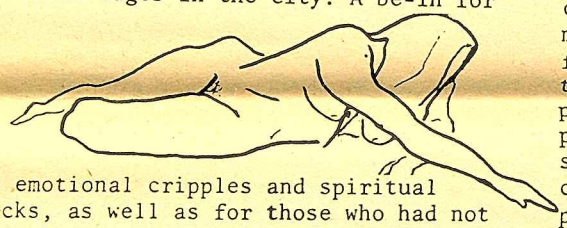
Sunday, August 20, 1967, the great Brigadier General Casimir Pulaski Memorial Ecumenical Be-In commenced at two o'clock in the warm Northampton afternoon. By six o'clock the great Brigadier General Casimir Pulaski Memorial Ecumenical Be-In was over, making it perhaps the shortest event of its kind in the history of the hip revolution. It died, practically stillborn, a victim of rains from the heavens and the stormy wrath of the good burghers of Northampton. The spirit of the occasion was dampened not by the forces of nature so much as the intolerance, the contempt and hysteria of the local citizenry. The Be-In was held in Look Park, a place of beauty, of laughter and fun, a preserve of the spirit, dedicated to the refreshing and recreating of the soul.

In planning it I had assumed that everyone would be gathered there that day for the same purpose. I had envisioned the spirit of the gathering slowly spreading throughout the park until everyone, straight and hip, was joined--if not in love, at least in a spirit of relaxed and friendly enjoyment.

I was a fool. The Be-In, instead of liberating its participants and neighbors in the park, unleashed such tension and hostility that the very air we breathed seemed poisoned. My ecumenical vision was shattered as battle lines were drawn between hip and straight. My hope for friendliness and peace was trampled as the Love People hurled defiance at Park Police. Somewhere, something went wrong. And the first casualty of the hostility was the spirit of Casimir Pulaski.

The idea for the be-in came to me one afternoon as I lay sleeping in a park in Northampton. I woke up and looked around me; the sky was bright blue, the grass was healthy and the green trees and bushes all looked emphatically alive. I felt emphatically alive. I looked beyond the park and saw the city, dead, dirty, dragged down, sterile, done in.

The people on the streets fit right into the scene. I decided to hold a be-in for all the shut-ins I saw around me, who were rotting away in their cages in the city. A be-in for



all the emotional cripples and spiritual hunchbacks, as well as for those who had not forgotten how to walk in the sun and be glad to be alive. I wanted to bring them all together, all the peoples of the Pioneer Valley, who live side by side but move in different worlds: students, hippies, Flower Children, teeny-boppers, parents, professors, police, Puerto Ricans, Polacks, preachers, Sunday school teachers, the farmers and the farmers' daughters. People would sing and dance, talk and laugh, eat, drink and smoke dope, play ball on the field and make love in the bushes. The be-in would be truly ecumenical. It would turn the people of the valley on to themselves and each other. I stood up and looked behind me. There was a huge slab of stone carved with a face and dedicated to Casimir Pulaski. Here was the symbol of the be-in. A Polack with shoulder-length hair, a mustache and Carnaby Street costume. A bridge between the hipper elements of the Valley and the peasants who till the soil and steer the dinghy of state. A man everyone could identify with. Casimir Pulaski would inspire the affair and stand as a symbol of the ecumenical spirit that would liberate the cave-dwellers of Northampton.

The preparations went well. The word was spread; food and candy were bought, and a rock band engaged. When the day came hundreds of people showed up. Food, candy, and lsd were given away. Flowers and colorful clothes abounded. The music was there, the people were there, the free spirit was there, yet within half an hour the park police and enraged citizenry were there, too, and our wings were clipped before we ever got off the ground.

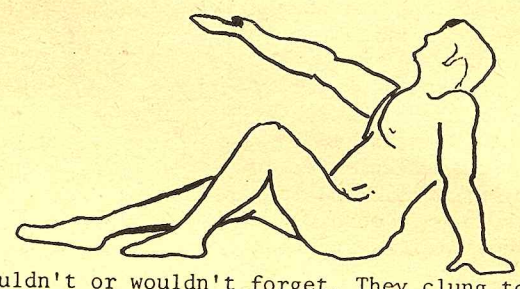
The picnicers and the park officials saw the people of the be-in as invaders who, for some unfathomable reason, were intent on destroying the genteel family atmosphere of the park. They apparently believed that we had come to the park expressly to offend them and make impossible their Sunday afternoon family fun. The express charge against us was that the rock band was too loud and was disturbing people in other areas. Of course, if those people had stayed at their picnic tables instead of lining up at the fringes of the be-in crowd to stare at us and make faces, then perhaps they would not have been so disturbed by the noise we made. Somehow it was assumed by everyone that those picnicers who did not care to join us could not ignore us and do their own things as long as we were anywhere within the park. There could be no peaceful co-existence. We had upset the natural order of things, and all would not be right with the world until we had been exorcised.

Just as the picnicers could not relax and enjoy their family fun as long as we were in the park, so we, unfortunately, could not loosen up so long as we were being stared at like animals in a zoo. We, too, were inhibited by the presence of strangers. The embarassment, the fear of being human, of approaching this day as a unique gift, never to be given again, these were all contagious. The straight picnicers had made us afraid of ourselves.

Basically, fear killed the be-in, brought us down, stifled our creativity, and hung us up. The same fear that always holds us back, that always inhibits our humanity, smothers our imagination and gradually kills the soul long before the body withers away. That fear worked on everyone in the park that day, from the park police and officials to the straight picnicers to the participants of the be-in. Everyone was paralyzed by the fear. Everyone was afraid of everyone else. I think it is important to understand that fear, and how it worked on both sides that day. We have yet to face that fear and overcome it, and until we are no freer than the townspeople who panicked at the sight of us.

We felt awkward and clumsy, not sure what to do next. We felt a little silly. The promise of the be-in had evaporated. The barriers I had hoped would fall down were stronger than ever. We had nothing to say, either to ourselves or to "them".

Now three months later, when I think back to that day, I am still saddened. It could have been so much. All I had tried to do was to bring people together and help them forget their names and numbers; parents, children, hippies, workers, with emotional hangups and fears, frustrations and anxieties. I wanted to set things up so that people could see themselves and each other just as human beings with a capacity for joy and friendliness who were gathered together in a beautiful park on a warm summer day. But people



couldn't or wouldn't forget. They clung to their roles, to their names and games. They refused to come out of their caves and feel the sun on their bodies. They refused to open their eyes and see each other and themselves. They hid behind their costumes, hid in their bags and refused to come out and play. I guess I was asking too much of them, and perhaps of myself, too, but I cannot yet understand why it is asking too much of people to be simply human.

---Robert G. Wilfong

*I have writhed to*
*Soft of musical finery*
*tuned gentle to the earth's curve*
*of a sphere*
*of a round love*
*unbounded in its*
*infinite form*
*This, as will I*
*as will all*
*Sing naked*
*voices trained*
*by the hum*
*when men*
*can no longer ignore*
*The eternal fluid drum.*

-Peter Glenn Knowles

*TO TOM*

*Half wiped I come to this*
*Coincidentally in black*
*I'm a woman who digs black*
*I missed the air conditioned funeral*
*Fred said it didn't look like you*
*Layered in wax no smile*
*They closed the door to your head, Tom*
*It was always open*
*Hopi style*
*They got you only with stitches*
*Left you without your robe*
*Black velveted lined crimson*
*When you wore it last*
*I saw a pet pheasant*
*Follow you into the crowded room*
*Lick your white hands*
*Tasting man salt*
*Each feather begging your touch*
*We celebrated the moon*
*Spaced and loving*
*Halloween creatures gathered at your castle*
*You, our host,*
*Scholastic's cap and delicate*
*Like some cosmic layer*
*Digging each face*
*And the total head*
*This scene tattoos my sight*
*You yumming a raspberry lollipop*
*Shaking your head with steady*
*Amazement saying "groovy*
*It's really great, a flip,"*
*And Margaret*
*Light blue like a waltz*
*Growing strawberries behind the house*
*Amherst is into winter now*
*Cold and shining*
*The air rings metal on metal*
*Riding the night*
*This crash resounded beyond sound*
*The reeling gleam pulled colors*
*Beyond clouds*
*Wheeling stumped earth and sailed*
*The timeless thing beyond light years*
*Your gestures are raining on me*
*Your beauty falls behind my eyes*
*You overwhelm me, as always, Tom*
*Love rushing into love*

--Jane Lunin

The Village is gone now. You walk through it and you could be anywhere in teenage U.S.A. You might as well be on a streetcorner in the Bronx or Brooklyn, or out in White Plains, or in a parking lot in Iowa. I see the Village today, it looks like one big drive-in, pizza palace grease pit. But there was a time, before most of these kids were in diapers, there was a time when the Village meant something. All those decadent literary types had gone to Paris or Connecticut; they were writing comfortably for the kept press and buying liberal ads in the New York Times supporting Henry Wallace. In 1948 the Village belonged to the proletariat, intellectual as well as economic. 1948 represented a key year in the development of the Village dialectic. 1948 was the year Paltry Little ran for president.

Paltry Little was the original all-American boy. He was corn-fed and Indiana raised. He believed in the great American Dream, in the land of milk and freedom (i.e., Indiana), in motherhood and the D.A.R. He had been told that any boy in America could grow up to be president, and, 1948 bringing with it an election, he was one day seized with the notion that this year <u>this</u> American boy was going to grow up to be president. I must admit he had all the makings of a president. Simple, sincere, ingenuous, boyishly charming, wholly unoriginal and proud of it, he certainly had what it takes--at least to be a senator. He had only one defect, an unfortunate drawback that barred him forever from the inner sanctum of bourgeois democracy. Paltry was a junky. Somewhere in all that corn and apple pie motherhood, something had gone wrong. Mrs. Little's pride and joy had gone astray. Mr. Little's son and heir had the biggest habit I've ever seen.

On the way back down to the village, however, I began to see that I had been a bit hasty in forming my judgment. It was not so absurd. Why not Paltry Little? Such a development would hasten the awakening of the working classes. It would confound and disrupt the state. It would bring the formal apparatus of oppression to the point of collapse. And suddenly, in one huge flash, I saw how it could be done. That Truman was going to lose it was clear, but not by so much as people were predicting. It would, in fact, be a very close race. The Dixie-crats would carry the South, maybe even Oklahoma and Maryland. Wallace would take Wisconsin, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island. He might carry California. The Midwest would be split between Dewey and Truman. Likewise New England. A little rapid calculation confirmed my suspicion that the race could be decided by a bloc of electoral votes--New York's and some other state with twenty-five or so votes,say Indiana. I knew we'd have no trouble in Indiana running Paltry as a favorite son. They'd eat him up. Even after seven years of junk he still looked fresh-faced and innocent. And in New York...

In New York the race would be incredibly tight. Dewey is a favorite son, but there are millions of registered Democrats who will vote for Truman. Then there is the Progressive vote. No one will have a majority of votes cast. One large bloc of votes could tip the balance. Then it would be easy enough to engineer a coalition behind a figurehead whose slate is clean, so to speak. *P*A*L*T*R*Y*L*I*T*T*L*E*. He didn't even have a record. And I had the bloc.

So it was with some amusement that I received Paltry's declaration of his candidacy. I was down on Bleeker St. in the Crazy Horse Saloon, holding onto a table. Paltry burst in on me at an alarming rate of speed and brought me down sufficiently to let go of the table and listen.

"Paltry," I said, as sternly as the circumstances permitted. "Have you been doing coke again?"

"No, sir, Mr. Lazarus." That's the kind of guy he was. He would call another junky sir. "I'm going to run for President."

"President of what?"

"President of the You-nited States of America, natcherly."

"You mean the whole shebang? Coast to coast? Harlem and Fort Knox? Las Vegas and the Bible Belt? Hollywood? The Pentagon?"

"Sure," said Paltry, a little unsurely. "Why not?"

Why not, indeed, I thought, as the concept began to sink in. The first junky President. Ah, the beauty of the internal contradictions made manifest. The dialectic irony of it all. A great sense of history welled up in me.

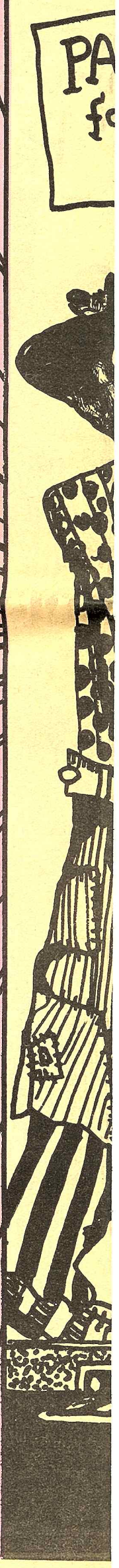
"Paltry, my boy, I think you've got something there."

Later on that week, while I was on my way up to Fourteenth Street to meet a connection, I started thinking the whole thing through scientifically. I began to have doubts. I was, in fact, a bit ashamed of myself for having taken it at all seriously in the first place. After all, is it reasonable that Bernard Lazarus, the foremost Marxist theoretician in the Western Hemisphere, a man so in the vanguard of history as to have been ejected from the faculty of C.C.N.Y. for being too radical; is it reasonable that such a man should consider the possibility, even, of backing a naive Mid-Western junky for the presidency of the most corrupt of bourgeois capitalist states? What an insult to one's integrity. Surely I must have some dignity left. His candidacy was preposterous to the point of obscenity. I lapsed into a train of thought concerning the economic bases of obscenity.

You'll hear it said that there are fifty thousand or so junkies in New York. That is a bald-faced lie perpetrated by the class enemies of the proletariat to conceal the extent of the spiritual carnage wreaked on the working man by the system of capitalist exploitation. There are no fewer than fifty thousand junkies in New York. And they are nearly all of voting age. There are almost as many winos again down on the Bowery, and many more Negro hipsters in Harlem. These people never vote. Many of them can't tell one year from another, and they've forgotten,or never knew, what an election is. Get them all registered and down to the polls and Paltry will sweep the city. With New York and Indiana, we can throw the election into the House of Representatives. And there we can make a deal. The factions at each other's throats will unite under the banner of Paltry Little and we will surge to victory. I could be Secretary of State, Ambassador to the U.N., Chief Justice. The mind boggles at the thought.

At this point some cop saw me nodding and told me to move on or he'd run me in. It would hardly do for the next Chief Justice of the United States to be busted for a trivial thing like dope. I moved on.

The next day or so I left the Crazy Horse and went over to Tammany Hall to make a deal with the bosses. I felt pretty dirty about it but what the hell, anything for the victory of the proletariat. They threw me out. Somewhat miffed I went over to the offices of the <u>Daily Worker</u>. *They* threw me out. I had forgotten I had been ousted from the Party for my left wing deviationism. I went home to think in solitude and do up a stash I had been saving for just such an occasion. I got to staring at my fingernails and mulling things over. Some time later I went down to the Crazy Horse to check the happenings. The bartender greeted me.



"Hey,where you been? Haven't seen you in two days."

"Yeah, I got a bit hung up. You know how it is sometimes."

"Oh,yeah."

He was a good man. Not too hip, but very sympathetic. Paltry came in. I motioned him to take a table.

"You still want to be president?"

"Mr. Lazarus, it would be the greatest honor of my life."

"Call me Bernie. Now here's my plan..."

We ended up taking another walk to the Daily Worker offices. Fifteen of us, stoned out of our heads, but ready for anything. We stormed in and took over. I started writing up leaflets exhorting all the underground elements of the city to vote for Paltry. The managing editor came over to throw me out again.

"Look here, Lazarus,you can't do this,you Trotskyite wrecker."

"Get him, boys."

One of the goon squad stuck a spike in his arm. It was an extreme measure, but we figured any sacrifice for the cause was worth it, even good dope. The editor nodded out...Nobody else gave us any trouble. We ran off a hundred thousand leaflets and left. I split the group into seven agitprop teams and sent one up to Harlem, one to the Lower East Side, one down to the Village, another to Times Square, one to 42nd and 3rd Ave., and two to Brooklyn. There has always been a soft spot in my heart for Brooklyn. I went with the Brooklyn team. We ended up at Coney Island passing out leaflets at the Steeplechase. Some cop tried to break it up. We stuck a spike in his arm. Everybody loved us. Everybody wanted to vote for Paltry. Nobody knew who he was, but it seemed like a good idea.

By the following week, we had the city about sewed up. Paltry knew the biggest pusher in Harlem, a cat named Royal Sloan. He had the area in his pocket. If you didn't support Paltry, you didn't score. The Village and Times Square were solid for us. I talked to some of the pushers and had them put little leaflets,sort of like fortune cookies, in each deck of heroin, saying,"Vote for Big Paltry Little, a solid head." I even had some of the queens over on 42nd St. paint on their asses, Paltry was Here, to make him look like sort of a big stud. Actually, I think he was a virgin. Both ways. Things didn't look too good in Brooklyn until the party, sensing a possible winner, decided to back my boy. Suddenly we had all the little old Jewish grandmothers on our side.

Things were looking up. I even stopped shooting horse and switched to cocaine for the duration, so I'd have enough energy for the campaign. It was rough for a while, but I got used to it. What the hell, it was worth it to see Paltry grow up to be president.

There was one close call almost at the last minute. One day as I was hustling votes down on the Bowery, I remembered the comrades in the Midwest. In all the scurrying of the campaign I had forgotten to take care of Indiana. I had a surefire technique, by the way. I would walk from one inert form to another, drag it into a half-sitting position and pour a slug of sneaky pete down its throat. As it stirred a little, I would whisper,"Go out and vote for Paltry Little. He's one of us."

Anyways, as I was making my rounds through the Bowery, I stumbled onto a Salvation Army group. There were four of them, dressed in black, faces shining with morbid health. One pounded a bass drum; one played accordian; the third, glockenspiel; while the fourth rummaged through the drunks for contributions. My synaptic connections lit up like a pinball machine. "Indiana," I cried, and rushed to the nearest telephone booth.

Paltry's brother Mal, who was also a junky, was holed up in Indianapolis. He had been holed up there since 1936, and I was sure he had enough connections to put Paltry through if there were only enough time. It was only two weeks till election day. He said he'd see what he could do. Maybe we could still pull it out.

I had, of course, expected that the fascist exploiters who hold the reins of power in this country would never let a true people's candidate get anywhere near the polls. I had expected the cossacks to storm the Crazy Horse and bust everybody, or a hired assassin to gun down Paltry, or even me. But I never imagined the possibility or much less prepared for, what actually did happen. Just as I had expected, the bosses were alarmed at Paltry's success, which by now was considerable. I figured that close to half the votes cast in New York City would go to Paltry, a landslide victory. Indiana would likewise swing to the lumpen-prolètariat's choice. Mal, with the help of some Syndicate friends with a good sense of humor, had seen to that. Any minute I was expecting a Truman-Wallace coalition to seek me out and make an offer. Then the boom lowered with a sickening thud. A more dastardly, inhuman plot could not be imagined.

I had a premonition of trouble when some of the boys started complaining that it was getting harder to score for H. I went up to Harlem to find Royal Sloan and straighten the matter out. I didn't want to lose my best organizers to cold turkey. When I found him I wished I hadn't.

"Sorry, Laz, cain't hep you. I gone out a business till after the lecshun. Everbody gone out a business. Thass what th man at th top say. They ain't a drop a shit in this whole motha city. Mah main man done shut me off. They doan want them heads down the polls thass what they tole me."

My head reeled. My throat was dry. Somehow I made it back down to the Crazy Horse. A bunch of the boys were sitting around a table muttering. I ordered a double Scotch, gulped it down. They looked up at me with that evil, deprived-junkie stare. I finished my drink and bolted. As the door slammed behind me, I saw a group of twenty or so junkies rounding a corner. They had blood in their eyes. Some carried blunt instruments. I ran.
It was all over. The Mafia was supporting Dewey for president.

Paltry was junk sick on election day. Everybody was junk sick on election day. Just to make sure, the Establishment closed the bars and liquor stores all day,. They even shut off paregoric and codeine cough syrups. You've got to say one thing for that gang; they're thorough. The hospitals were full, and the streets were empty. The mortality rate on the Bowery was up fifty percent. I was holed up in Brooklyn, evil and drunk. I had managed to build up a stash of liquor. It didn't help too much, but it took the edge off. I didn't dare show my face.

There were exceptions to the rule of general disaster. One foresighted junky had enough to tide him over, made it to the polling place and tied up half a precinct hung up in the booth. He told me later he forgot where he was and spent the day trying to pick a winner in the third race from the sheet they gave him.

Paltry did sweep Indiana. The syndicate there was independent in every sense of the word. But in all the confusion his victory got sort of glossed over. They hardly mention it any more. The rest is history.

I left town after that for a long time. I didn't see Paltry again until 1953 when he tried to sell me an insurance policy. He had given up H during the Korean thing when someone told him the stuff was coming from Red China. He still talked about the time he almost got elected President It was a bit he went through to sell insurance. Good old Paltry. He just wanted to do right by Mother, God and country. That's capitalism for you. The finest president a nation could want, and the system kicks his feet out from under him. No wonder the village is shot to hell. Up the revolution.

---Robert Wilfong

# RESISTANCE...

This was not going to be an activist year. Just finish school, do a lot of studying--it looked like a big year for academics. Forget politics, study--extra academic reading and time for my own interests. Then graduate--and leave the country. Go to England at last, and spend at least a year there. But everything's changed. This is an activist year--it has to be.

The week of the Resistence I saw the newspaper headlines on Tuesday morning after the first day of draft-card burning, and began to understand what was happening. This wasn't going to have been an activist year because I had become tired of dissenting, tired of talking, tired of listening. And I could feel the tiniest sense of the frustration that's causing uprisings in black parts of every city. I know what I think is right, I've picketed and leafleted and written letters and talked and talked and nothing has ever happened. Frustration was driving me to apathy.

But the idea that was being thrown out all over the country the week of October 16, was no longer "dissent"--it was "resist".

Resistence is different. It means no longer being satisfied with long picket lines and leafleting to snickering townspeople. It means going outside the law, ignoring admonitions of those who call for staying within the system; they only want people to get frustrated into apathy.

This last time in Washington, D.C., it wasn't a question of parading around in government-approved areas of the city, it became a matter of throwing bodies into the Pentagon to disassociate people from the mess this country is in, and of screaming out "Take me if you want, but I refuse to remain a part of your system."

Resist the war--Resist the Draft. And not remaining within the law because our government has done more illegal and immoral things than any individual citizen could carry-off. It's not a matter of two-wrongs-making-a-right, but a matter of putting moral conscience ahead of immoral strength and power and insisting with bodies and minds that this country must stop doing what it's doing. If no one will listen when people walk down Pennsylvania Avenue, rally in front of the United Nations, or stand silently on South Pleasant Street, Amherst, maybe they will if people throw themselves into the Pentagon, sit down in front of troop trains, and block the entrance of Dow Chemical recruiters.

Maybe no one will listen. But eventually, the action will come so close to each American that they'll see for themselves the truth, just as the newspapers could cut the Washington figures by three-quarters for public consumption, but the Hampshire Gazette had to be honest about the number of picketers in front of Northampton's City Hall, because everyone saw them.

And maybe, the people in power will kid themselves forever, or just ignore what they keep seeing, and do what they'd figured on doing anyway. But that doesn't stop things now. If resistance is growing, it will keep growing until it becomes a situation that cannot be ignored, or it will devastate the entire system.

--Jane Roland

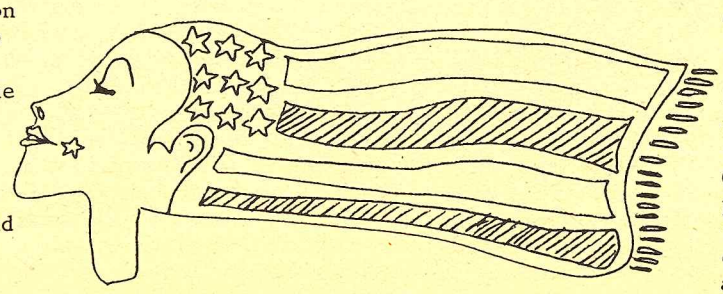
# ...AND THE STATE...

Don Grant is an honorable man. He refuses to act contrary to the dictates of his conscience. Because of his conscience he has been humiliated and jeered at. He has spent a year in prison, part of it in solitary confinement. One pays a high price for conscience, and Don has not finished paying. In March of 1966 he refused to be inducted into the United States Army. For that crime he was arrested and sentenced to one year in a federal prison. In November of this year Don again refused an order of his draft board to report for induction. He is once again liable to arrest and prosecution for the same "crime" of being unable to ignore his conscience.

It is, of course, despicable that his draft board has tried to draft Don a second time, knowing that he refused once before and served time for it. And it is, of course, frightening that the federal government has the power to imprison a man a second and maybe a third time for acting according to his conscience. As decent human beings we should all, of course, feel deeply shocked and outraged by this injustice.

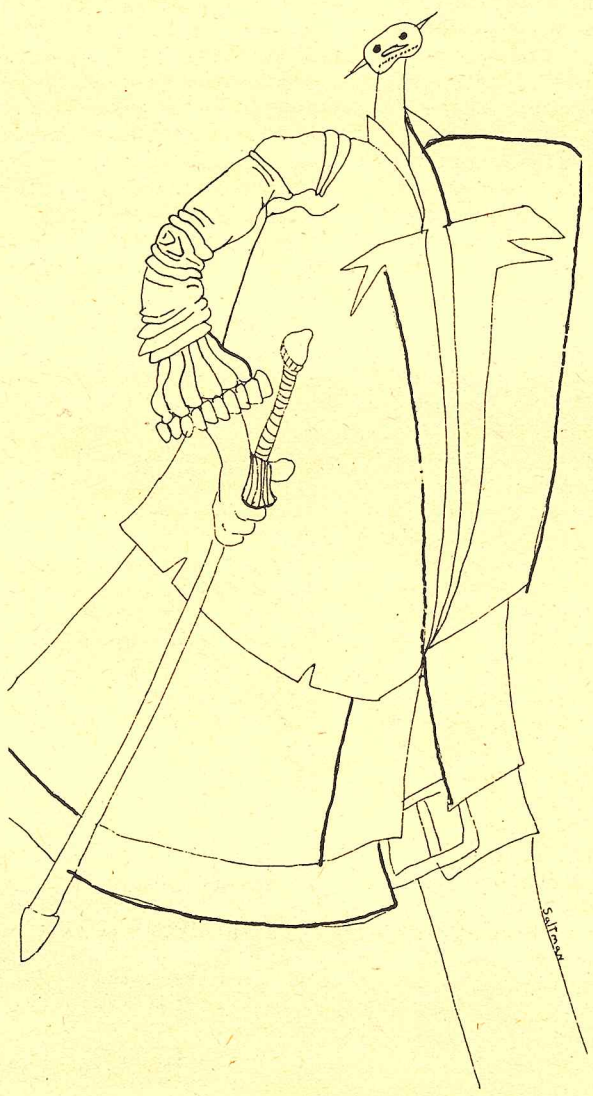
But I think we would be missing the point of the Don Grant case if we were simply to call on the decent citizens of the land to protest this outrage and see to it that it will never happen again. It will happen again. The individual and the "crime" involved may well be different but the confrontation will be the same: the man of conscience versus the State. I think the central issue behind Don's case is not that the Government has the power to imprison a man more than once for refusing induction. I think the central issue is that no government, no matter how libertarian, can tolerate men and women whose consciences conflict with the "National Interest." We should be outraged that Don's draft board has tried to draft him a second time and that everyone's draft board has the power to do likewise. But we should not be in the least surprised. The strength of any state lies in its power to screw whomever gets in its way. It has always been and will always be true that the honorable man is, potentially if not in fact, an enemy of the state. I think the most appropriate response to Don's case is for us all to mull this over for a while.

What I am saying, essentially, is that there is no such thing as a just state; ie, one which prizes above all else the freedom of its individual citizens to act according to what they believe is right. Bear in mind that I am speaking here of the wholly responsible man, the good man who wishes to harm no one and covets no man's property, a man who in no sense is a criminal. I am not accusing the State of punishing the irresponsible man, the man who abuses his freedom by harming his fellow man. I am saying that the good man, the virtuous man, the man whose heart is filled with love for his fellow man, that this man, if he acts always in accordance with his conscience, can be tolerated by the State only when it can afford to be tolerant. No law, no constitution, no judicial system, can protect the honorable man from the wrath of the State in times of stress and anxiety. And the State is often anxious. In the United States, where the highest law the land has always guaranteed the individual civil liberties and freedom of conscience (at least religious conscience), these same freedoms and the laws guaranteeing them have been ignored time and time again when they were thought to pose a threat to the "National Interest." The national interest, whatever it is, is clearly not freedom and civil liberty, else why would so many people have been deprived of their rights in its name? The national interest, any state's national interest, is power and self-preservation at all cost. And when I say all costs, bear in mind



that self-preservation does not mean the preservation of the people nor of their freedom.

Any man, then, who resolves to follow the dictates of conscience must understand that he exists only at the convenience of the state. No law protects him except the law of averages. If, by chance, his conscience should inconvenience the state, his doom is certain and his fate will be determined solely by the extent to which he annoys the powers that be. Don Grant annoys his draft board. General Hershey doesn't like him. If the Selective Service System were the greatest power in the country, Don Grant would hang. It is not, so there is a chance that he will not go back to prison. But what would happen if Don had annoyed the C.I.A.? Or L.B.J.?

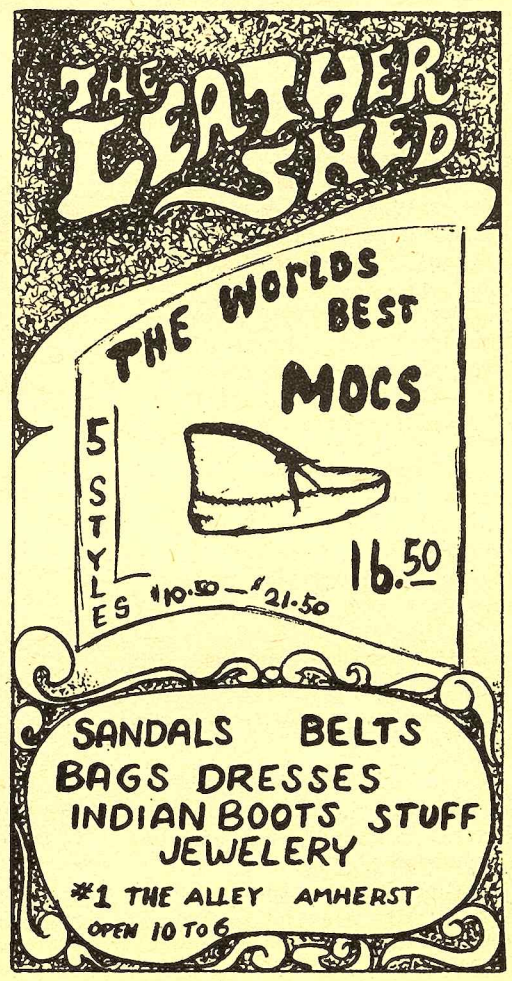


Those who feel outraged that Don Grant is facing a second prosecution for conscientious refusal to be drafted and who want to do something about it should understand the larger implications of the conflict between conscience and state power. This time we are lucky. Through public outcry and legal action it may be possible to keep Don out of jail. But no matter what any of us do we will never be able to create a society in which this kind of injustice will be impossible. Our actions, therefore, must be aimed, not primarily against the state which is trying to commit an injustice, but towards the citizens who may someday have to suffer such an injustice, whether it be for refusal to be conscripted into the Armed Forces, to pay taxes to support war, to send their children to the public schools, to support racial segregation or for any other "crime of conscience". Our message to these citizens should be, "Do not be afraid. If you would live according to the dictates of your conscience, you must be ready to suffer and die for them, if need be. If you are unwilling to pay the price, your conscience is a lie."

The life of the honorable man in the dishonorable state is not an easy one, but such a man has one advantage over most of us: he is not afraid to die for what he thinks is right, and, therefore, he is not afraid to live for it.

--Robert G. Wilfong

*Response to the 2nd prosecution of Don Grant is in embryonic stages. If you want to discuss the issues, or can suggest an effective protest, contact: Valley Peace Center, 253-9879; Students for Political Action, 256-8211; or call Don at 584-7725.*



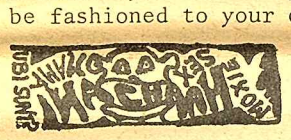
## MOTHER OF VOICES

# HEGEL'S SEX COLUMN

To All You Beautiful People:

Dearly beloved readers, as you encounter my soul-baring-love-inspired introduction, you've probably already caught the 'Dear Abby' format below. "What a load of bullshit," you cry. "They're jiving me," you caution yourself. "Always some gimmick," you jeer. I too, dear friends, have in the past looked askance at the public airing of people's problems and the egoistic pomposity of one who offers himself as the panacea for the whole mind-blowing spectrum of human misery. Every day we awake to the bombastic, bludgeoning, strident call of charlatans of every genre. What's my excuse then?

During the mindbody permeating *experience* of my column, I will attempt, in all humility, to *assimilate* you. You may write me all the way from the summits of trippedoutspacedoutcosmicvibrationstormeuphoria to the depths of achnecrippled*Saturday-night*nodateagainthroesof*Unbelievable*agony. You can be hip, flipped, gyped--or just plain shit. You can be anonymous, synonymous, didactic, prophylactic or epileptic. Whatever your inspiration, I will grasp at any nint of your innermost core of being that I find revealed and try to *Enter Into It.* I will try to experience *YOU*, your very totality of consciousness in your own time continuum. I will strive to feel your every wince of pain, your every surge of joy, your every truly *Human* mindbody vibration--your every double-take. My answer to you will be fashioned to your own



unique phenomenological, beautiful self placed in the World Soul and with all due consideration given to your particular game and game theory. As I struggle with my soul to achieve these cataclysmic empathetic insights my identity must undergo certain changes, so please don't expect my answers to reflect consistency of Consciousness-Essence.

Listen! Our feet are cut to shreds on the spike-studded tortuous paths of life. Our carious hearts, riddled with myriad disillusionments, spew forth rivers of blood. Our minds runneth over, and the substance inundates those closest to us and poisons the ground at our feet. Suddenly, during our nocturnal musings, we pause to sigh, "I'm alienated," and pull the covers up a little further over our face. EMBRACE! I cry. Embrace the antipodes. Seize the positive-negative, the east-west, the Yin-Yang, the yea and the nay! Embrace the whole goddamned beautiful garbage pail of the Human Condition in one purgative act of Cosmic Consciousness! and rest.

Please write to me, c/o *Mother of Voices*, P.O.Box 305, Northampton, Mass. I'd love to hear from all of you. To insure my response by next publication, write soon.

With a Plethora of Love,

Hegel Shapiro

Dear Hegel,

The other night my roommate, Dorie, and I were going back to our apartment when five townies started bothering us. They followed us home, directing lewd comments at us, all the way. I became very afraid and suggested that we run upstairs, lock the door, and call the police. Dorie answered that we were members of the love generation. She forthwith invited them up for a talk "in the interests of mutual consciousness expansion." The biggest boy spit out his cigarette and said he could feel "sumpin' expandin' awready."

Well, we got upstairs in our apartment and I never saw anything like it--what they did. Before we could sing a verse of "Love Is All You Need" they ripped off Dorie's clothes, threw her into a state of shock, threw her on the floor, and one of them started to hump her(and

I mean *hump*, not make love to)! I watched revoltedly as they violated her rights and her body several times.

I was soon beginning to wonder why they were concentrating on Dorie and seemed to be ignoring me. As if in answer to my thoughts, one of these poor misguided wretches said, "Doan worry baby, we savin' you as a special treat." (As he said this he savagely pinched my buttock). That did it. I mean I just flipped out and they got more of a *"piece de resistance"* than they bargained for--if you know what I mean.

I turned on the boy guarding the door and clawed at him viciously until he retreated enough for me to break out of the apartment. I plunged down the stairs and didn't stop running until I got to my boyfriend's place on the other side of Northampton--by now three hours late for a date we had made earlier. "You've finally come," he said wearily. "Yes," I sighed. I collapsed onto the sofa and told him my story.

You've probably guessed my problem by now, but anyway here it is: I sincerely believe in non-violence under any circumstances and I don't think that makes me some kind of "chicken." On the contrary, it takes great courage to remain a pacifist in certain situations. My question is, did I become a hypocrite in view of my actions the other night? I'm not so worried about running away, but I *did* hurt the boy at the door. Did I betray my moral code and cop out on the Love Trust?

(I'm not including my name because I'm a little embarrased to worry about this so much. My perplexity itself probably shows moral weakness).

With Love,
D.S.

Dear D.S.,

First of all, don't feel embarassed. Your dilemna has been faced before by many beautiful and sensitive people with whom you should feel proud to be numbered. For example, the early Christians, suffering under Roman persecution, encountered problems very similar to yours.

As you probably know, one of the many atrocities perpetrated against these gentle people was the custom of feeding them to lions in the Coliseum. Sometimes the victims were seen to offer more than passive resistance and, in fact, to strike the lions in futile gestures of defense. The chroniclers of the times, no doubt paid lackeys of the Establishment, derisively recorded these seeming departures from the Christian creed, a code which embodied most of the principles of non-violence to which you yourself subscribe. But even allowing for the partisanship of the Roman critics, Christian apologists in those troubled times tackled the same dilemna which you articulate so well in your letter.

These sincere individuals answered, *"Si possum id facere, id faciam!"*--If I can do it, I will do it. Their reasoning was simple. There is obviously a point at which provocation of suffering becomes so great that no act of will is capable of coercing an individual into line with his principles. When this point is reached, certain automatic, defensive reflexes take over. These reflexes may regretably result in actions we must call *violent*.

I really hope this historical anecdote has been helpful to you, D.S. The analogy to your case is clear. If you sincerely believe yourself to have been provoked beyond the control of your morally conscious will, then it would be the darkest of cynicism for anyone to call you a hypocrite.

Love,
Hegel

Dear Hegel,

I met this girl about three weeks ago in the Union. She was wearing one of the new mid-pube micro-skirts. She also had an abundance of hippy, or flower-child affectations with which, I must admit, I usually associate liberal sexual standards. I suppose I myself am not very "hip." Even so, her strutting around my table finally got the best of me and I got up enough nerve to ask her out. Surprisingly, she seemed to like me and we've been seeing each other regularly since that day.

That may sound fine, but things haven't worked out the way I expected. For three weeks she has provoked me time and time again to sexual aggressiveness without allowing me any satisfaction whatsoever. She's always "coming on" with a love schtick--I'm not sure if schtick is a hip word or not, but I picked it up from her. She has me listen for hours to Indian ragas which all sound to me like a string quartet tuning up. During these sessions she writhes seductively (she says she's "grooving") until I take the bait and try to grab some. "Oh no," she says, "you've got to kick that sex thing."

Look Hegel, I've had it. What am I doing wrong? What the hell can I do to get back at her?

Teased

Dear Teased,

From the cynical tone of your letter, it sounds like you've been undergoing an acculturation to hippydom with somewhat less than an open mind. But okay, Teased, I'll look at it your way. If retribution is what you seek, you can definitely prosecute this girl under Title IV of the 1966 "Truth in Packaging Bill."

With ineffectual Love,
Hegel

POLICE BLOTTER 2

cont. from pg. 4

that means."

At this point I said, "I don't see how I get a record if you get a search warrant because you have to go and not me." They didn't respond to this, they regrouped and started the bit from the beginning. I got tired of the second game, and said, "O.K. You can search my place, but under one condition." This perked them up; they smiled again. Eagerly they asked, "What?" Well, I did it again and broke the game's rules: "You get a search warrant."

I guess I was too hard a case for them to crack. They let me go. As I was leaving they suggested that I come again tomorrow for some coffee, so that they and I could discuss the whole thing in a friendly manner. I said, "Maybe," and left.

I guess they were going to give me some more time to allow the tension and pressure to build up inside me. They probably thought that I would then crack more easily in match number two. The police game involves inducing fear. They want to break you without being brutal if they can. They want to punish you psychologically instead of physically. They always imply that you're guilty and that they know it and that they can prove that you're guilty no matter how many times you say that you're not.

I called a friend in the Administration (surprise!) and told him what was happening. He said that he would call the police. I was to get in touch with him before I went to the stationhouse again.

The next morning I called this person and he told me to go and see the police. If the cops asked me questions or said things to me that I didn't like, I was to call him and he would then get me a lawyer. I was then to refuse to answer any questions until the lawyer was with me.

Well, I went to the Station and the cops were obviously not pleased with me. They asked me if I had called anyone. Then they said that it was my right to do so. They asked me a couple of factual questions, such as whether I owned a car. Then they let me go.

What I discovered is that if right away I had demanded my rights, everything could have been avoided. They could not have played their ugly police game. They are afraid of people who know their rights, because such people make it impossible for them to maintain the stupid fear that they use to "prevent and solve" crime.

---Ed Koslow

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HAND-MADE DRESSES

# THE AMERICAN WAY of DEATH

(Leigh Becker starts a series on communities east and west with this article. Becker, who has done graduate work in philosophy and phenomenology, is now living in a house with 32 windows on top of a big hill somewhere. From his autobiography: "Like everybody else that's important, I died from alcohol and hashish addiction after which my mistress threw herself out of my studio loft window. The present works are posthumous.")

According to a recent article in the *San Francisco Chronicle* "A pill to stop death" is just around the corner. Not a moment too soon either.

It will block the body's "Mysterious Mechanism of Death" otherwise known as the vagus nerve, which transmits communications from the brain to the heart. Apparently this mechanism analagous to the cocked hammer of a gun, is inadvertantly triggered-off even though neither the heart nor brain are damaged.

It seems a good deal of what are called natural causes of death are simply miscalculations.

"The Pill", as it is affectionately called, must certainly be good news to those people in the Great Southwest, who, being predisposed toward Eternal Life, have frozen themselves and are patiently waiting for the advance of medical science. Their time may come yet.

The fact that they conceive of Eternal Life as Texas is beside the point I suppose. Besides, there is a certain *poetic justice in the fact that* the misfiring of the "Mysterious Mechanism of Death" is going to result in people being resurrected into Texas. It's pretty hard even now to tell the living from the dead sown there.

The aforementioned article went on, however, to make an even more amazing statement. According to one Dr. Stewart Wolf, head of the department of Medicine at the University of Oklahoma School of Medicine "research has proved that people do actually die of fright and grief and that alienated, lonely people unconsciously decide they are better off dead, triggering the brain's fatal signal."

So what's been common knowledge among the "uneducated and superstitious"--and dismissed as fiction--turns up as scientific fact. Note that the good doctor used the word "proved."

When you come to think about it though, you realize that it's pretty obviously true. A friend of mine once picked up a bird with a broken wing; it shuddered once and died in his hands, not of its injuries, but of fright or strangeness or what you will.

A lot of animals die in captivity or refuse to procreate. It's taken medical science a long time to figure out that the same thing is true of man. Although if the will to survive is less because of one thing or another, it would seem to naturally follow that the chance of survival would also be less.

In New Orleans, where voodoo has been practiced (ritually and for profit and convenience) up into the present time, the fact that people can die of fright is a very pragmatic kind of knowledge. There a number of well-documented cases of people having been intentionally killed that way (for a modest sum) by the hex.

I wonder how many junkies have been eliminated by the junkie hex sign which Paul Krassner printed in *The Realist?*

The suprising thing is that the victim of the voodoo practicioner need not be physically assaulted at all, nor must he necessarily believe in voodoo or be superstitious, although such beliefs would undoubtably facilitate his undoing.

He is very simply and effectively unstrung and unbalanced, and his own subsequent accident-prone nature does the rest. He is literally scared to death (for a modest sum--that's a little adjustment to the American Way).

All this is even more interesting (if you tend toward morbid pre-occupations) in light of the fact that in the past four or five days five people have jumped off the Golden Gate Bridge, the last being a suicide prevention worker.

They're talking about suicide being contageous again, like when all those monks were igniting themselves. Someone told me that it proves that all cultures, no matter how austere, have their fads.

Anyway, the city fathers are disturbed about all this jumping because it's giving San Francisco a bad name. They want it stopped right away.

Maybe if they removed the bridge...

What all this points to in my mind is the degree to which death permeates the American Way of Life. Karl Menninger in *Man Against Himself* fairly exhausts the possibilities of death as a way of life. Among the examples he details case histories of asceticism, martyrdom, addiction of every sort from scratching to heroin, practically all of what we consider to be physical disease, mutilation, impotence, frigidity and purposeful accidents.

He found he could explain all of these as self-destructive attitudes or suicidal modes of life, and treat them as such, often with the resultant termination not of the patient, but of the symptoms.

It's beginning to look as though the Christian Scientists are right. All sorts of unfashionable things are turning up in the strangest places.

Is it true that alchemists never get cancer?

Leigh Becker

MOTHER OF VOICES

# VISITING PROFESSOR

In my seminar in Tactical Blunders 964 last Thursday, the professor (a visiting lecturer from Middleway College, Oxford) began what seemed to be an irrelevant discussion of the revolt of Satan in *Paradise Lost*. I say irrelevant because literature, having little bearing on real life, has no place in a Tactical Blunders classroom. At any rate, the discussion focused on the poor judgment of God in His handling of the whole Satan situation.

It seems that God, according to the professor, made the fatal mistake of demanding absolute obedience on the parts of his subordinates, Satan merely one of the more cerebrally and charismatically endowed of the lesser order. Satan, in his famous lines that begin "Of God's first demand for blind obedience, I sing," expresses the condition of the individual who is tyrannized by a higher, more powerful totalitarian authority. When I returned to my apartment after that class, I feel I should add, and checked for the somewhat doubtful existence of that line in my *Reader's Digest Condensed Milton*, the line was (not surprisingly) nowhere to be found.

To continue, however: "Had God not demanded absolute blind obedience," stated the professor "He would never have aroused the natural impulse in intelligent beings for defiance. The more absolute the demand, the more resolute the response. The consequent danger, of course," he continued, "is that mass emotion may eventually overpower and undermine individual intelligence and responsibility. Mob response to totalitarianism almost inevitably manifests itself as anarchy--neither course being the desirable one. Submitting to either dogma amounts to a forfeiting of personal liberty: to the state, on the one hand, and to the mob, on the other."

"The problem is best confronted at its source: God must be made to realize that compromise is the only reasonable and productive way to deal with dissent. One of Satan's most brilliant advocates," the professor added, "states:

*Those who are prone by*
*temperment and character*
*To seek sharp and clear-cut*
*solutions of difficult*
*And obscure problems, who*
*are ready to fight*
*Whenever some challenge*
*comes from a foreign power*
*Have not always been right.*
*On the other hand,*
*Those whose inclination is*
*to bow their heads,*
*To seek patiently and*
*faithfully for peaceful*
*Compromise, are not always*
*wrong. On the contrary,*
*In the majority of instances*
*they may be right,*
*Not only morally but from a*
*practical standpoint..."*

Pretty bad poetry, it seemed to me.

"That isn't compromise, that's concession," said a fellow student. The professor smiled benignly and said: "One-sided concession would be disastrous, not to say stupid and naive. I don't think that any sensible person today could believe that an offering of a part in place of the whole will satisfy an aggressive appetite. But compromise is a mutual concession. Establish compromise as your mode of action and you have a permanent forum for debate."

"Are you trying to tell us that if God had compromised with Satan there wouldn't be any Evil in the world?" asked another student.

"The problem of Evil would never have arisen," the professor answered, "since, by definition, Evil is that which is in opposition to God. And Compromise creates unity, not opposition. The problem of Good, of course, would never have arisen either. There simply isn't room for meaningless absolutes in a world that has the relativity of compromise as its mode of existence. The problem of 'Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms' would never have been posed, and the 'revenge, immortal hate,/ And courage never to submit or yield' would never have been offered as a solution."

When the lecture had concluded, I remained highly skeptical of what had been said, and how it had been said. I resented particularly the professor's highly selective and slanted reading of Milton's great poem. I especially noticed the omission of the following lines (which would, of course, have severely weakened the professor's argument ) of God's Son in Book 13:

*I the Son and chiefest envoy*
*of the Almighty Power*
*Have traversed the three*
*wide corners of this world*
*And of the Final Solution*
*to the bane of Evil*
*Am of true mind to say*
*that, frankly,*
*I have never been more en-*
*couraged in all my years*
*in heaven!*

But after all, what *can* one expect from a visiting lecturer?

David Abraham

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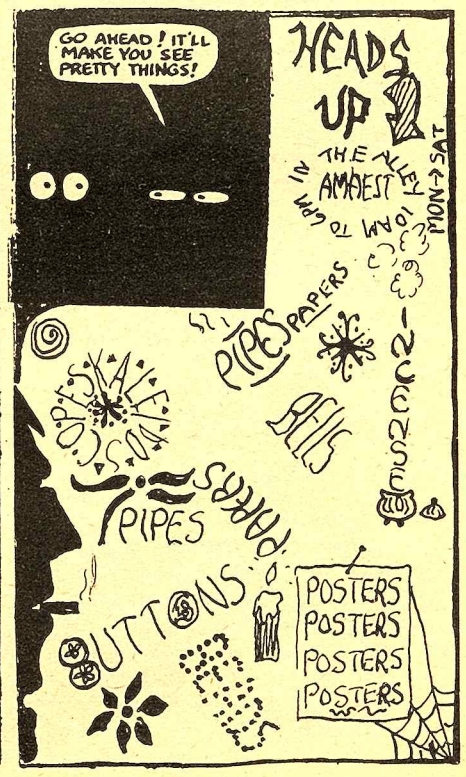


# WHO'S BLUES

Following rock bands these days is like watching cloud formations on a windy day.

Take Eric Clapton's career, for instance. His lead work provides most of the buzz on the Yardbird's first Epic LP, but by the time the record was released he had already split.

Next he turns up with a group called the Powerhouse on What's Shaking (along with Paul Butterfield's band, which has split, and the Lovin' Spoonful, which is no longer intact.) But by the time the record was released he had already split.

Then he turns up playing lead for John Mayall and the Bluesbreakers. But by the time the record...

Eric Clapton is presently one third of The Cream. Their recent West Coast tour has brought them nothing but good reviews, even relatively unqualified praise from Time magazine.

Their second LP, Disreali Gear, still is not scheduled for release in this country for some time, probably not until January or February, because they don't get much air play on the regular hack stations. From what cuts I've heard (they're played regularly on FM) the album is great.

Clapton's guitar is so full of electricity he sounds as if he's playing simply by passing his hand about an inch over the strings. The group as a whole is like very tight ear-splitting fireworks.

Meanwhile, John Mayall has a new LP, A Hard Road, with a new lead guitarist Peter Green. In my opinion (and John Mayall's), it's much better than his first album. The fourteen cuts cover everything from delta blues to the slow, minor blues John does best in his strong falsetto voice.

His third album, not available here, Crusade, is more of the same, but Peter Green is no longer with the group, according to "reliable reports." So it goes.

Meanwhile, Paul Butterfield has come out with a single backed by horns, an old Marvin Gays song if I remember correctly, without the services of Mike Bloomfield. Bloomfield's new group, The Electric Flag, which was such a hit at the Monterey Pop Festival, has likewise come out with a single, Groovin' is Easy, which is popular on the West Coast despite the fact that I haven't heard it once on AM radio.

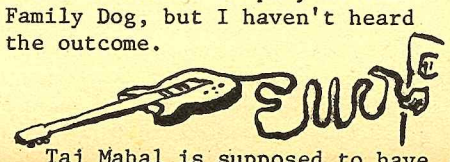
Charlie Musslewhite's South Side Sound System (or Blues Band) (which used to be the Barry Goldberg Blues Band on Epic) has gone its separate ways Nobody in the band could ever sing, but instrumentally they were really good, especially Harvey Mandel's lead guitar work which is ecstatic at times. Where they will turn up next is anybody's guess.

John Hammond has a new LP out on Atlantic, which sort of explains his last thing on Vanguard, "Mirrors," which sounded like all the reject cuts from his previous albums, and apparently was. On the liner notes he talks about "some pretty bad business experiences" which drove him into the Middle East for six months.

John plays guitar on all cuts, harp on some in a four piece band. All the cuts are Chicago-style Blues, electric, but not loud.

The Seigel-Schwall band has the same personnel on two successive records, which must establish some sort of record. They are more country-blues oriented, with a lot of Corky Siegel's piano holding together what is not a particularly full sound. I've heard on several occasions that they come across strong in person, but neither LP (several cuts excluded) has moved me very much. Compared to the Otis Spann group made up of Muddy Waters' sidemen, whom they resemble, they are much less driving.

The Canned Heat, a West Coast blues group, was recently busted while in Denver to play at the Family Dog, but I haven't heard the outcome.



Taj Mahal is supposed to have some stuff released in December. Two cuts, Walkin' Blues and Leavin' Trunk, are the best things I've heard lately in the Chicago idiom. His group is really uncompromising: Walkin' Blues is a very long cut and is played, if anything, slower than Muddy Waters' Chicago version of the Robert Johnson original, roughly one quarter the speed of Paul Butterfield's version. That gives Taj Mahal a lot of room to work in, and that's exactly what he does. His phrasing is a beautiful thing to hear.

Atco has released some things Tim Hardin recorded in 1963-64, mostly other people's stuff. He does a take of Hoochie-Coochie Man which puts most other versions of that over-recorded song to shame. Along with several other traditional pieces, he does a fine, mellow version of Fred Neil's Blues on the Ceilin'.

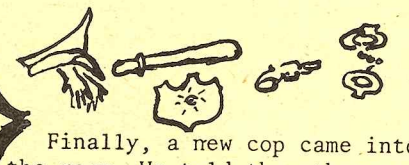
---Leigh Becker

continued from page four

pockets where he found a quantity of morphine. They came back to the car and said that they were arresting the four for being present where narcotics were found. Once arrested the police obtained a search warrant and found the suitcase.

They could not stop the car without claiming a motor vehicle violation; they could not search the sick man without arresting him for drunkenness; they could not arrest the other three without searching the sick man; they could not obtain the search warrant without the evidence of narcotics.

One of the cops took out a card. He then READ their rights to them. A paddywagon arrived and the four were brought to the Lynn police station. Once there, Jeordie was brought into an interrogation room. He said that he wanted to call a lawyer. The cops in the room started asking him questions. As Jeordie repeated his requests the cops became more vehement.



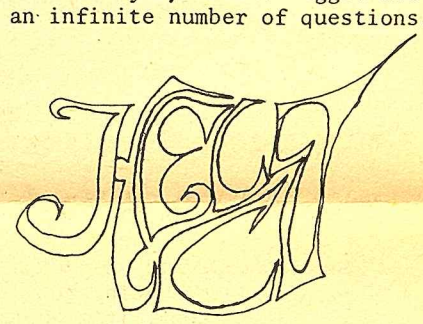
Finally, a new cop came into the room. He told the other cops to quiet down, and pulled a chair over, and sat down in front of Jeordie. He said he knew Jeordie didn't have a record, that he knew Jeordie was a nice guy, and that the others were the troublemakers. He suggested to Jeordie that the whole thing could be straightened out easily if Jeordie would just tell him about the whole thing. Jeordie said that it was as if the cop were trying to adopt him. Jeordie's response was a smile. One of the cops smashed Jeordie across the face, knocking him out of his chair. The interrogation was over. He was booked, spent the night in jail, arraigned in the morning, and his bail set at $5000. He spent the next week in jail before being brought before a Judge at a Probable Cause Hearing.

The Hearing was classical. Jeordie's lawyer tried to get the Judge to throw out the evidence because of illegal search and seizure. The Judge had commented on the strange charge and countercharge process of the arresting cops. Lt. Queenna, of the Lynn police, who under cross examination had revealed strange inconsistencies in explanations of the police behavior on the night of the arrest maintained that they had been guilty of a traffic violation. The judge however would not take jurisdiction in the case. The four men were bound over to Superior court. Jeordie's bail was lowered to $500 because Jeordie did not have a record of either misdemeanors or felonies, venial or cardinal sins.

Three weeks were spent in the Jail and House of Correction in Salem, Mass. None could raise the bail. The cells they were placed in contained no plumbing. They were given old paint buckets for their wastes. 19 hours a day they were locked in their cells. The buckets were emptied at the same sink where they drew their drinking water. They could write five letters per week: stationery was supplied for one letter, for the other four one bought paper, envelopes and stamps. 5:30 A.M. breakfast: cornflakes, milk, coffee, doughnuts. 6:10 returned to cells. 11 A.M. lunch, back in the cell at 11:30. Visiting hours from 2 to 4 P.M. Visitor once a week, for thirty minutes, one visitor. 4 to 7 P.M. dinner and T.V. and card playing. After three weeks, the four appeared in court.

October 16th. The day of the trial. The district attorney said that if the case were tried by jury he would ask for a year sentence for each defendant. They were asked to make a deal. If there was no trial, if they pleaded guilty, the D.A. would ask for a three month suspended sentence, and a year's probation. The four young men accepted the deal.

They were convicted of being in the same presence where narcotics were found. The method of search travestied rights of privacy, rights of due process and conventional rights of the individual protecting him from the arbitrary actions of other individuals. Institutionalized is evasion of moral decisions as in the case of the judge who would not accept jurisdiction, yet lowered Jeordie's bail. Institutionalized is blackmail as in the deal made to avoid jury trial. Begged are an infinite number of questions.

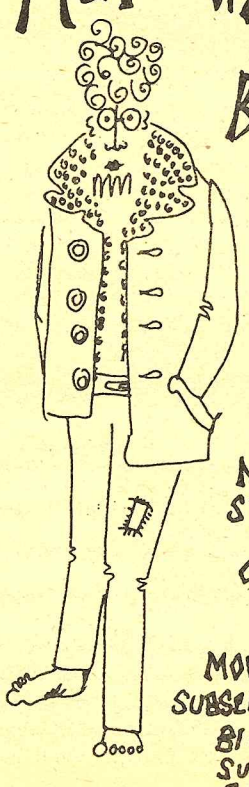


One is obvious: in this state any medicine or apparatus bought with the intention to prevent conception makes a person liable to search and seizure under the same statute which allows search, seizure, and arrest if narcotics are found. There is something wrong with someone's capacity to reason. There is something wrong with humans who damn by association. The rationale for narcotics is like that of McCarthy and communism: to espouse a Marxian concept is to be a Communist. Keynes and Openheimer are categorized.

Oh, well. At the end of every age, law is stupidly rigid, and the conservative minority resists with blood and guts--unfortunately, never their own.

Part two of Jeordie's story will appear in the next issue.

--Bart Kaplan



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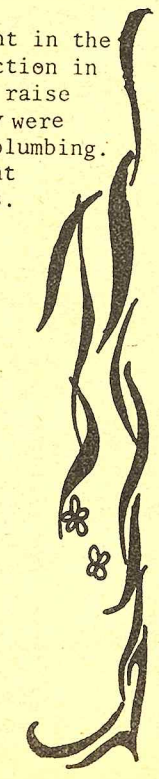

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